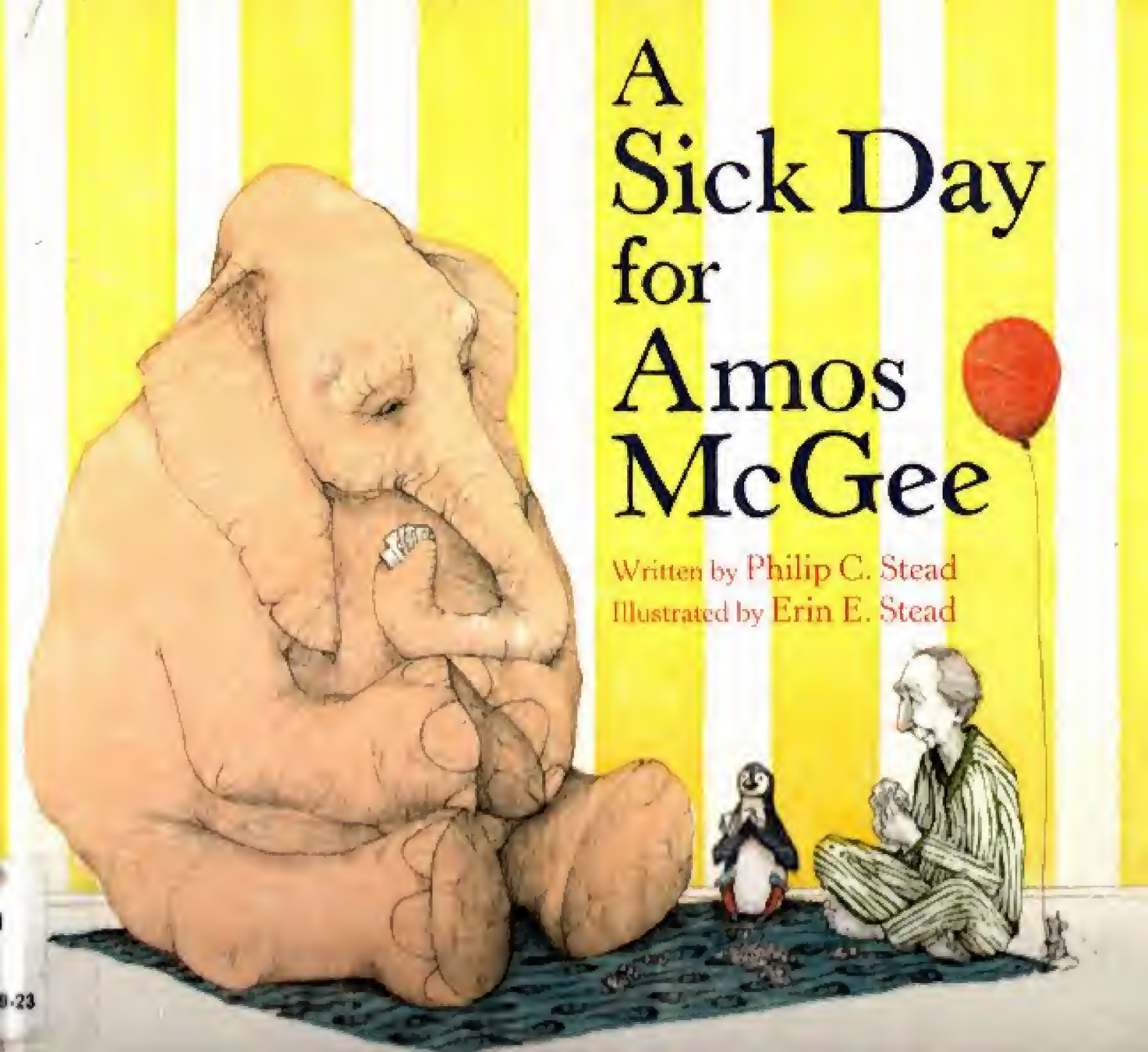
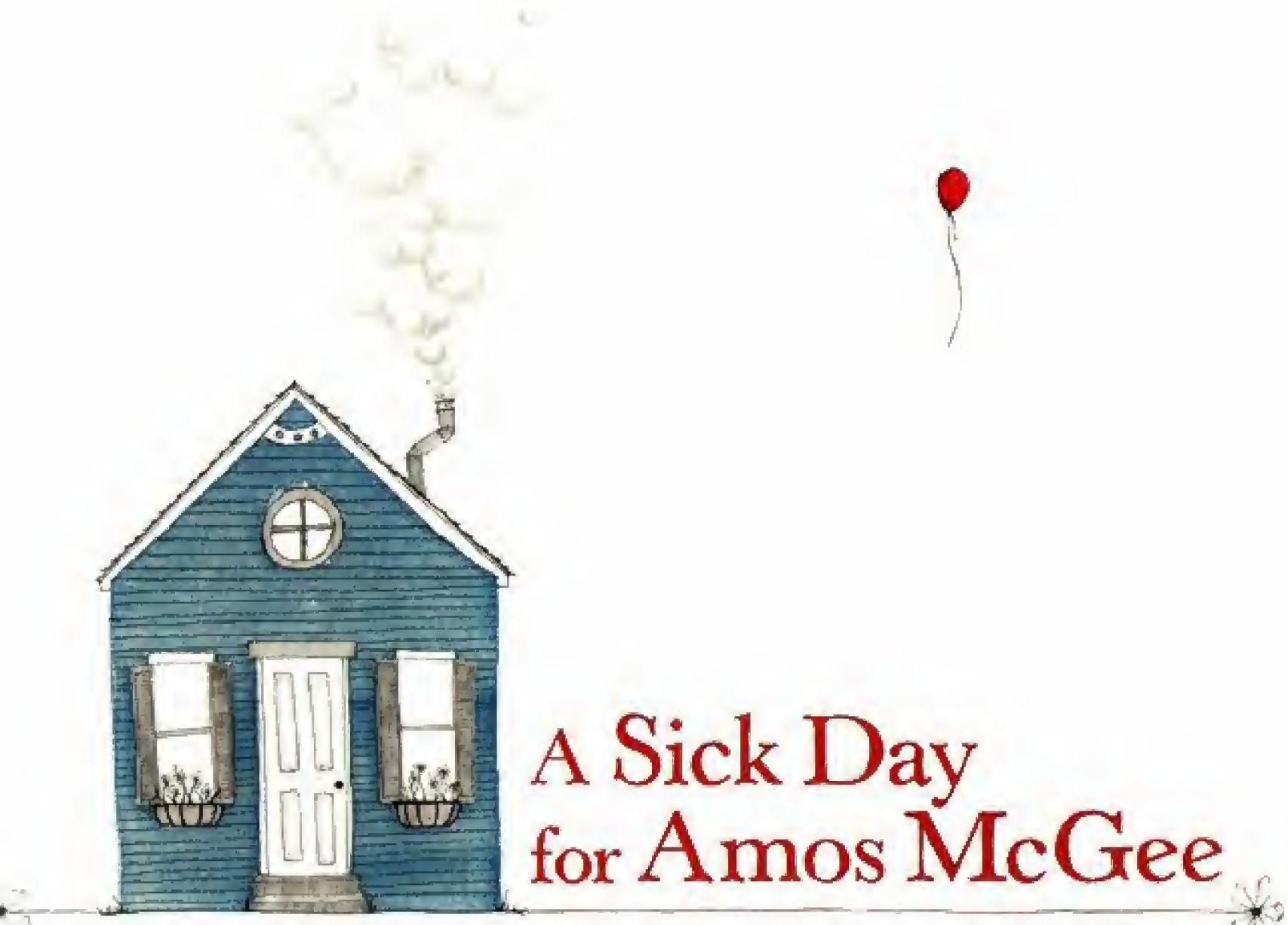

A Sick Day for Amos McGee
Written by Philip C. Stead
Illustrated by Erin E. Stead



A Sick Day for Amos McGee

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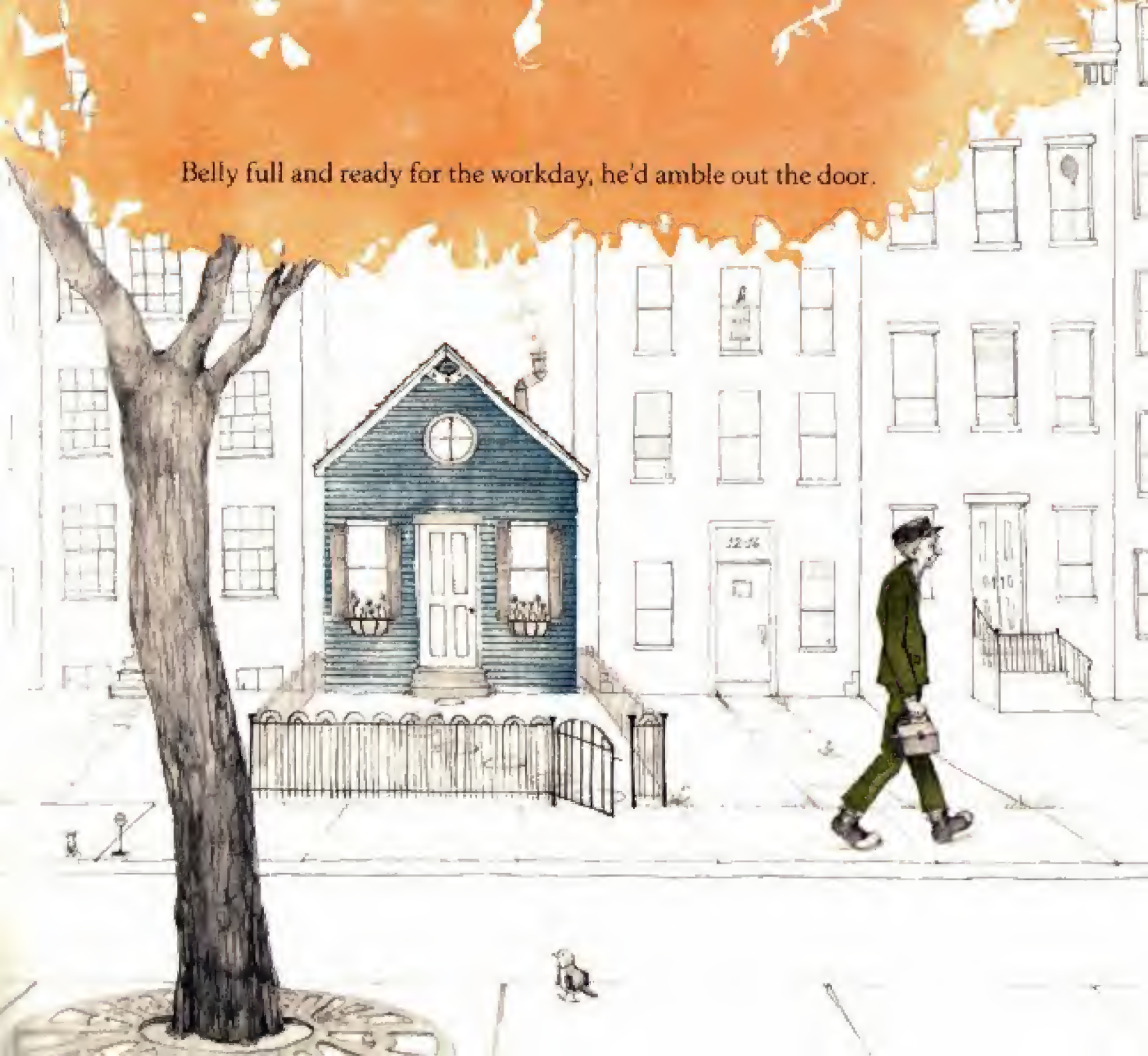
AMOS MCGEE WAS AN EARLY RISER. Every morning when the alarm clock clanged, he swung his legs out of bed and swapped his pajamas for a fresh-pressed uniform.

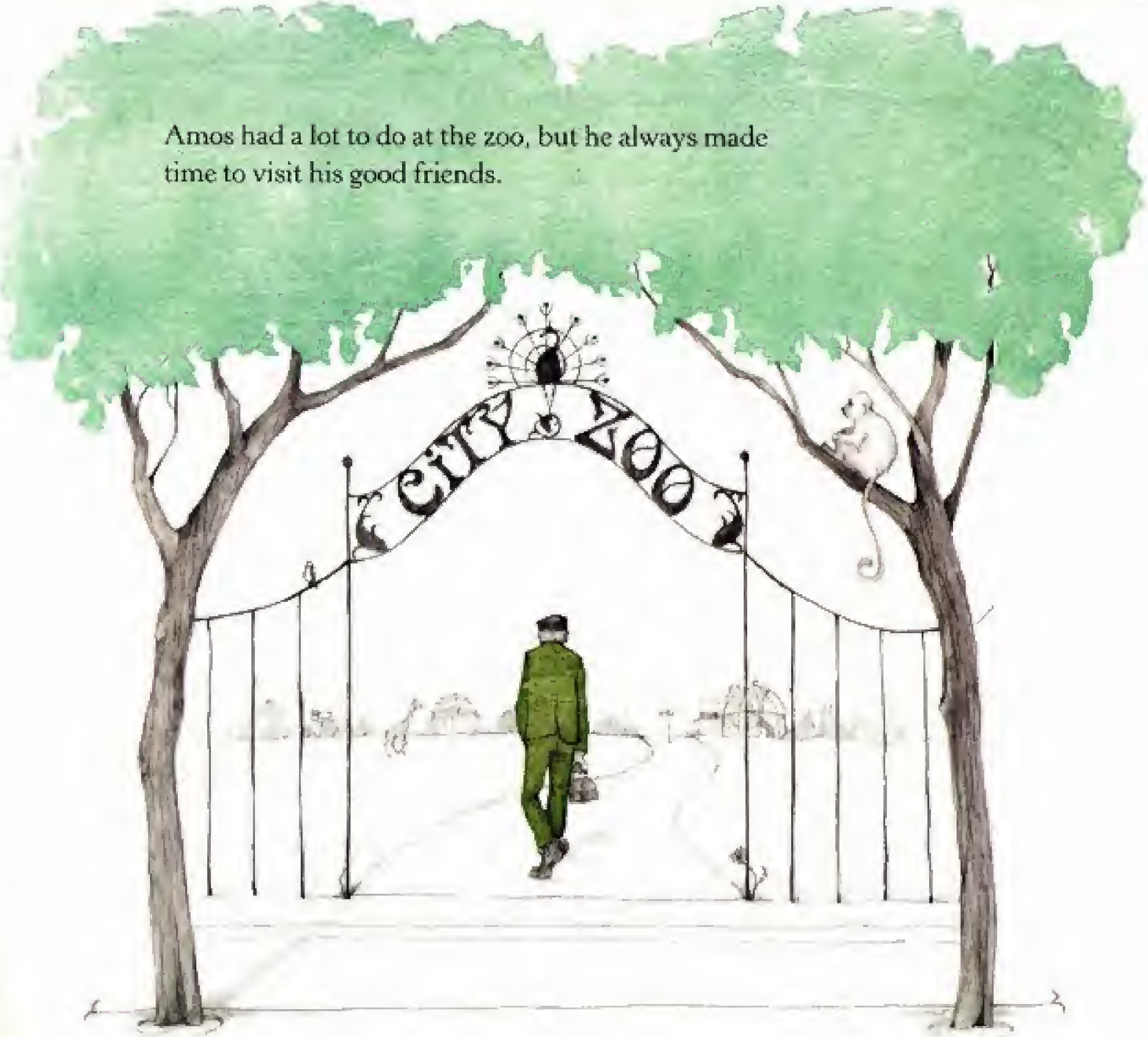
He would wind his watch and set a pot of water to boil—saying to the sugar bowl, "A spoonful for my oatmeal, please, and two for my teacup."

Belly full and ready for the workday, he'd amble out the door.



Every day Amos waited for the number five bus.
"Next stop, City Zoo," the bus driver would call.
"6 a.m. Right on time," he'd reply.

Amos had a lot to do at the zoo, but he always made time to visit his good friends.



He would play chess with the elephant
(who thought and thought before making a move),

run races with the tortoise (who never ever lost),

sit quietly with the penguin
(who was very shy),

lend a handkerchief to the rhinoceros
(who always had a runny nose),

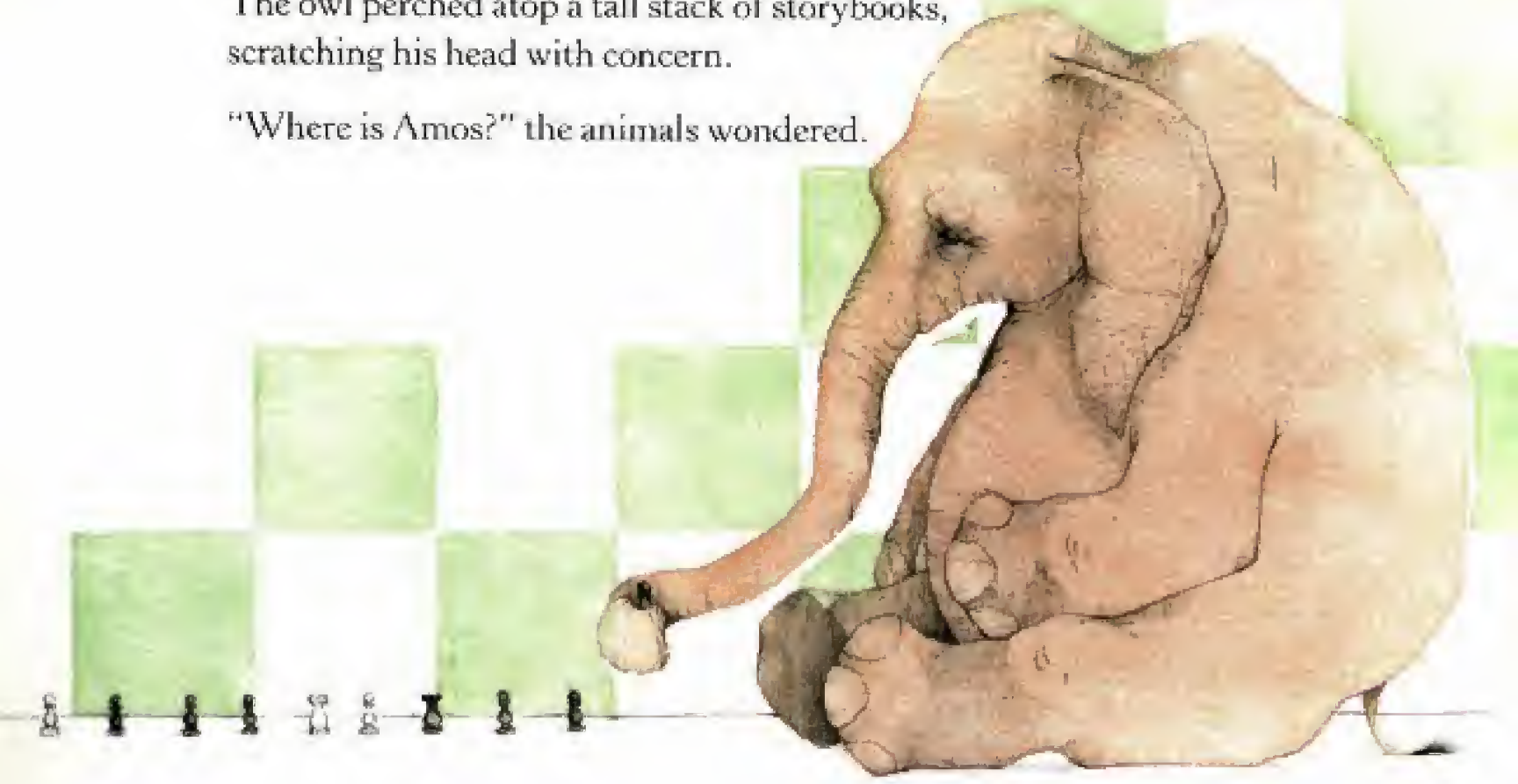
and, at sunset, read stories to the owl
(who was afraid of the dark).

ONE DAY AMOS AWOKE with the sniffles, and the sneezes, and the chills. He swung his achy legs out of bed, curled them back again and said, "Ugh. I don't think I'll be going to work today."

MEANWHILE AT THE ZOO . . .

The animals waited for their friend.
The elephant arranged his pawns and polished his castles.
The tortoise stretched his legs and limbered up.
The penguin sat patiently, all by himself.
The rhinoceros worried that his allergies were worsening.
The owl perched atop a tall stack of storybooks,
scratching his head with concern.

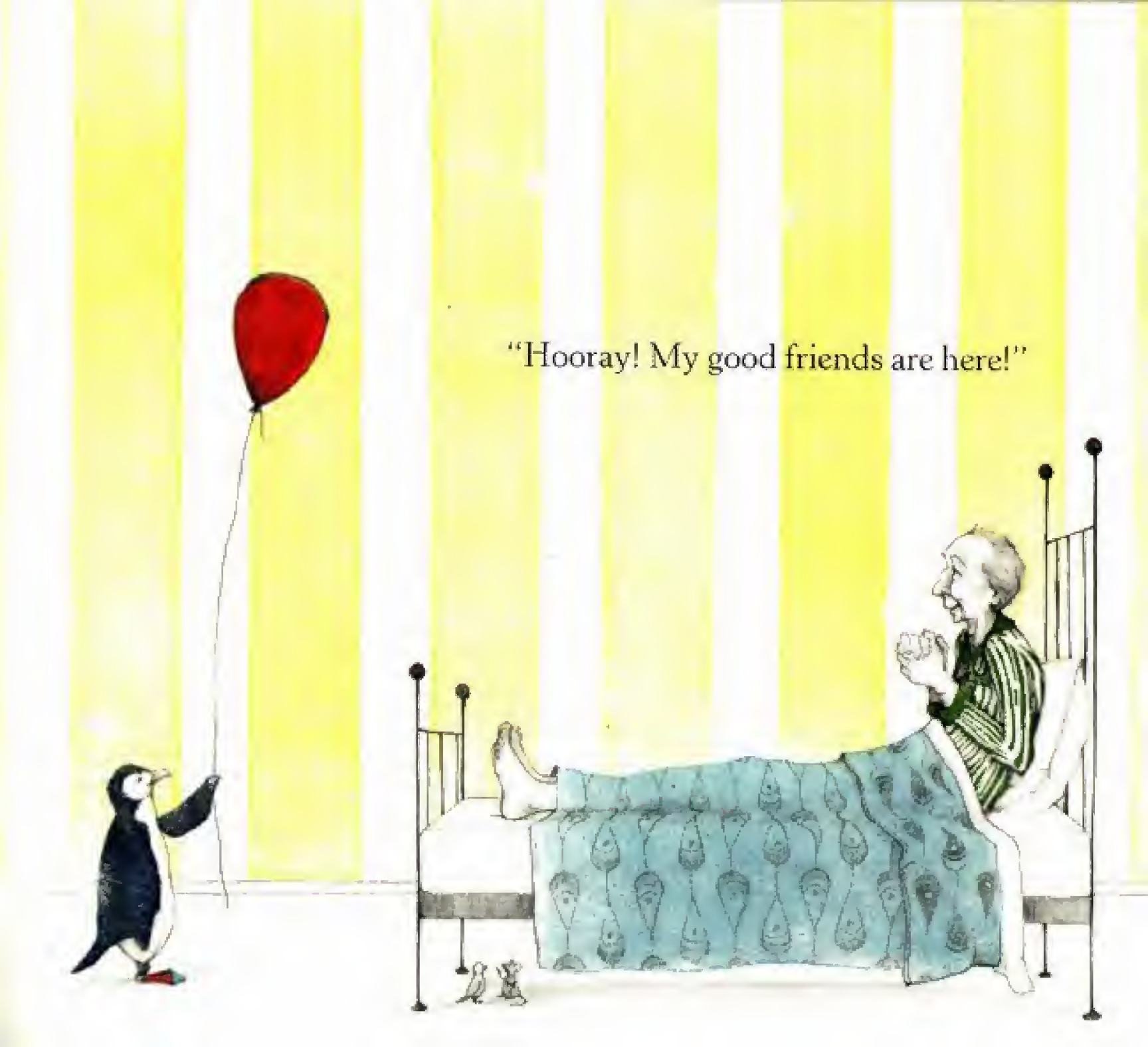
"Where is Amos?" the animals wondered.



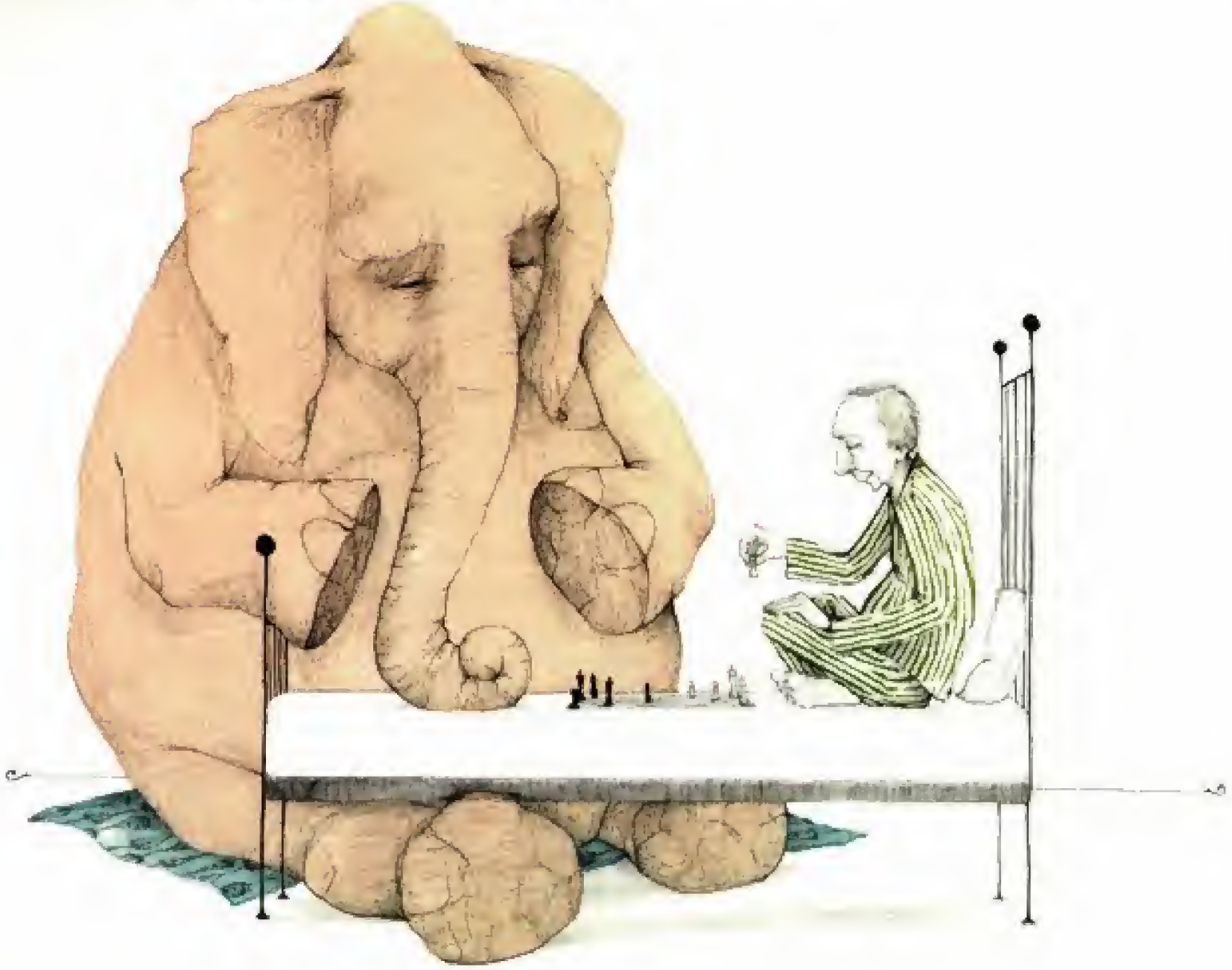
CITY ZOO

LATER THAT DAY . . .

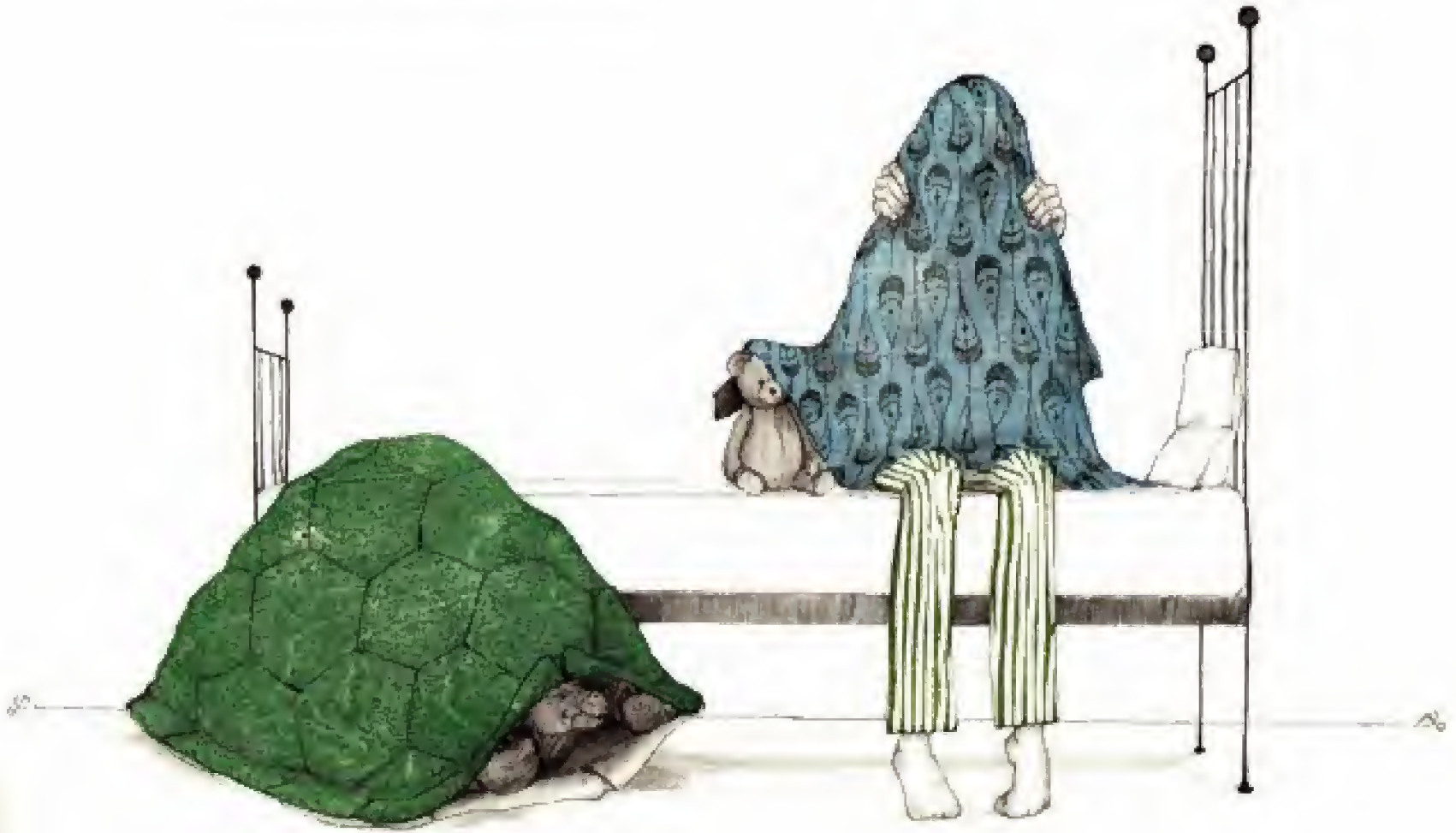
5

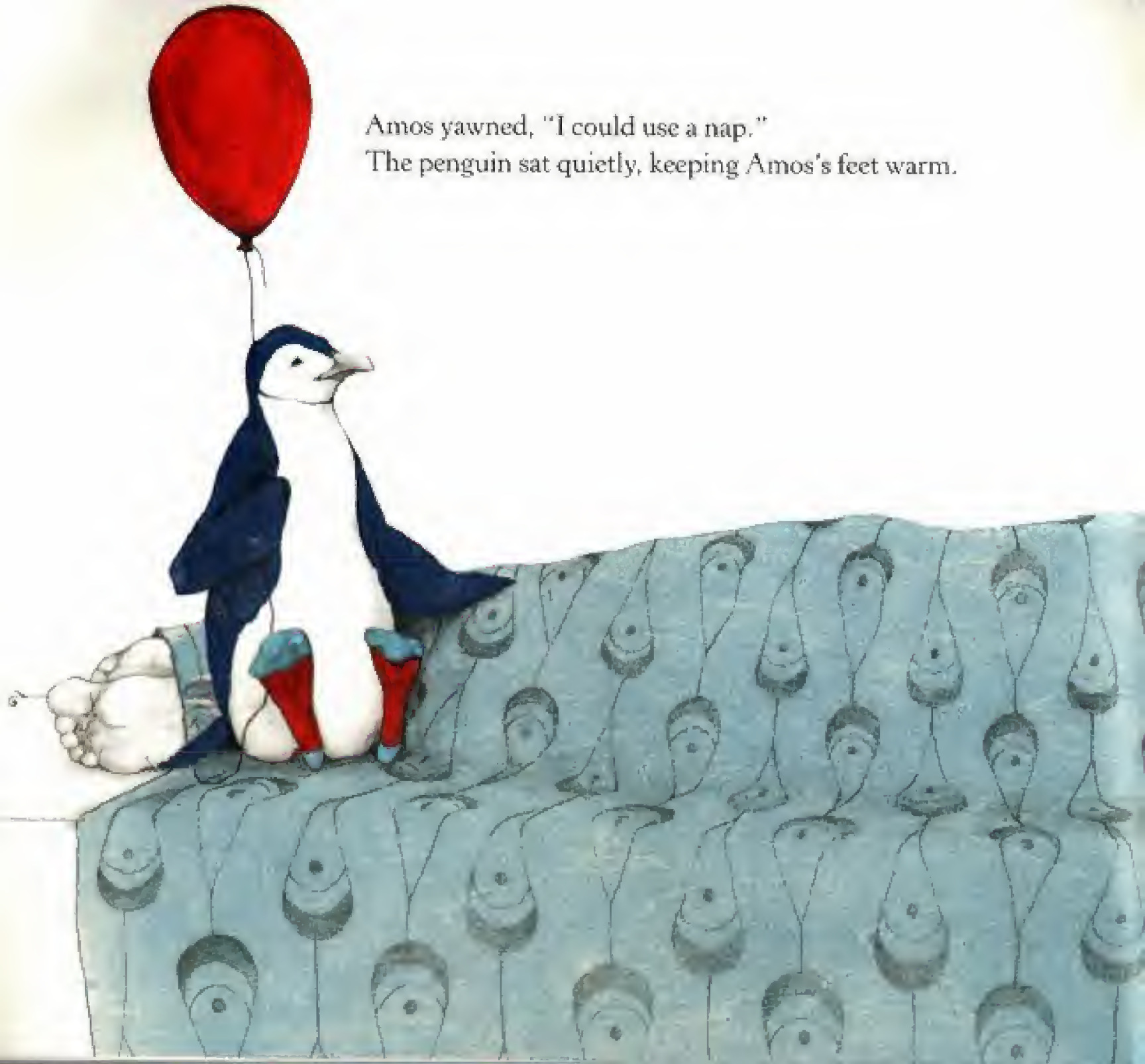

"Hooray! My good friends are here!"

The elephant prepared a game of chess. Amos thought and thought before making a move.



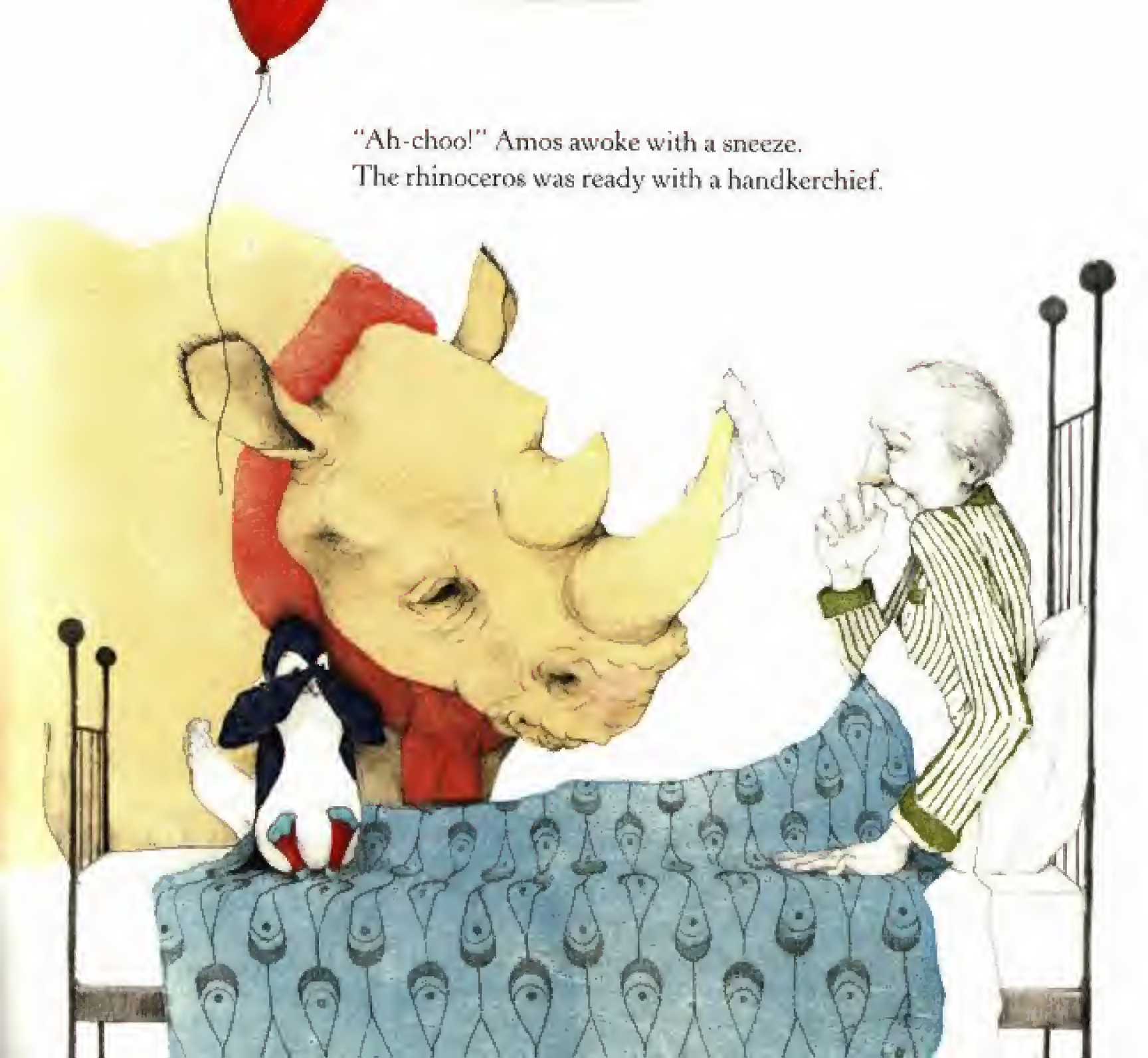
"I'm too tired to run races today," said Amos to the tortoise. "Let's play hide-and-seek instead."
The tortoise hid inside his shell.
Amos hid beneath the covers.





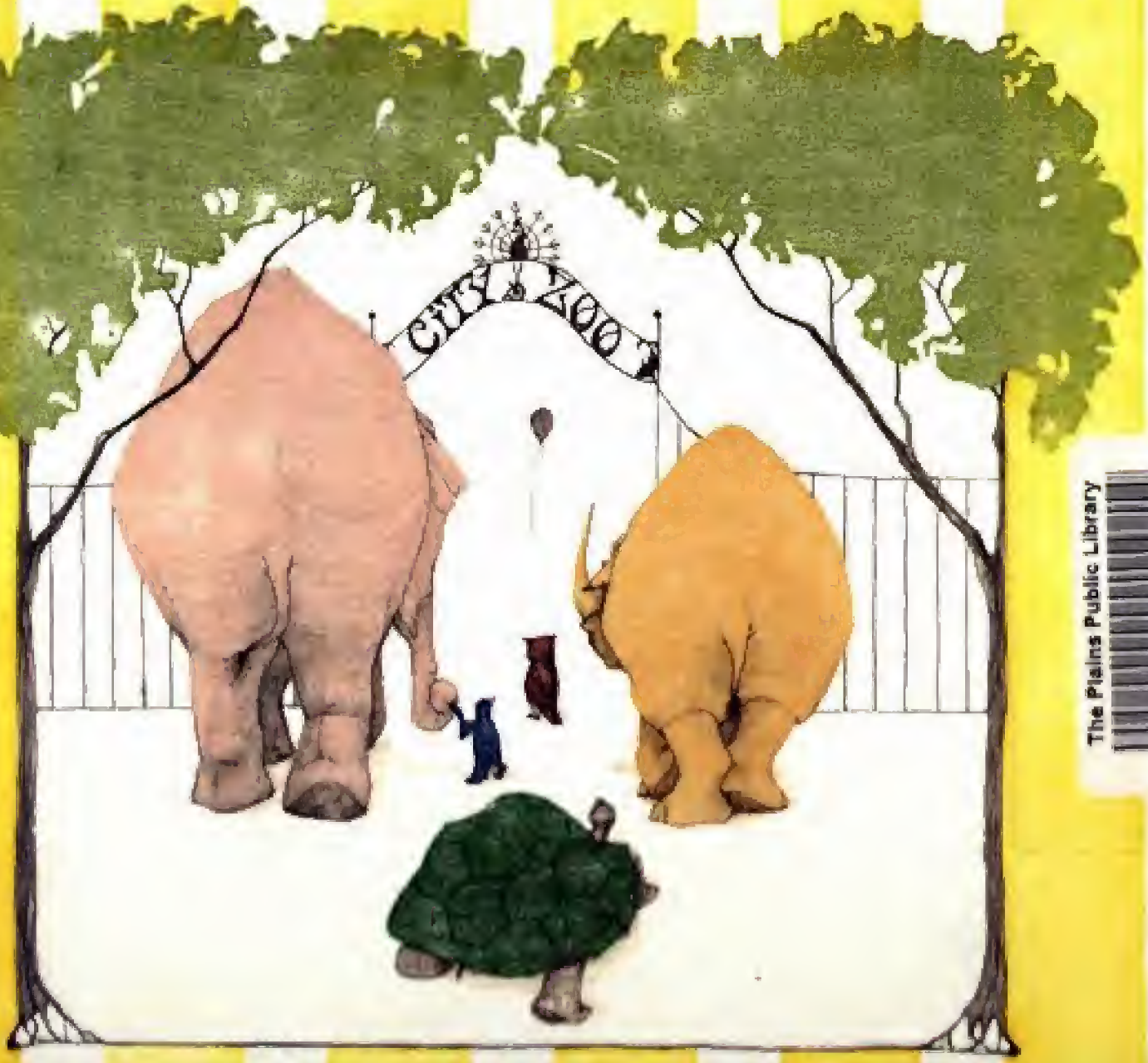
Amos yawned, "I could use a nap."
The penguin sat quietly, keeping Amos's feet warm.

"Ah-choo!" Amos awoke with a sneeze.
The rhinoceros was ready with a handkerchief.



"I'm beginning to feel much better, thank you," said Amos to his friends. He swung his legs out of bed. "Perhaps we'll share a pot of tea."

Amos wound his alarm clock. "It's getting late," he said. "After all, we have a morning bus to catch."
So Amos said goodnight to the elephant.
And goodnight to the tortoise.
And goodnight to the penguin.
And goodnight to the rhinoceros.
And goodnight to the owl, who—knowing that Amos was afraid of the dark—read a story aloud before turning out the light.



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